

Snow-White and Rose-Red.

By Edith Wyatt, Author of "Every One His Own Way."

IN a dark jungle of prejudice there once lived a harsh, facetious young man, named Ralph Rankin.

In mind, he was not naturally dull or illiberal, but an association of thirty years with gentlemen who loved being cowed, had imposed upon him such a respect for the arbitrary and the crabbed, as one might, according to tradition, gain from residence among pirates.

In body he was tall, with a long face, pointed jaw, and some distinction of bearing.

In estate, he possessed a slight fortune, inherited from his father, and a stone-front house, in a rented row, on the north side.

His fortune he intended to increase by law practice, and for such a purpose he read books of jurisprudence all day in the office of an elderly attorney. His house he inhabited. It was a place of harmonious rooms, in dark unvarnished woods, and excellent shades of whatman, hung with a few well-selected pictures, and bordered by low bookcases.

Ralph professed a passion for the modern, patronized realistic fiction and symbolic drama, and attended clubs and societies where radical ideas were voiced with freedom and good sense.

While outwardly he followed these pursuits, so enlightened, broadening and humane, inwardly, he had developed a violent and gay temperament, large, it is true, but rough and overbearing.

By this he unconsciously kept in a state of tutelage unknown to the savage woman, his aunt and his young orphan sister, Ellen.

Ellen was a pretty and quiet, but unman-mind girl, who found an unhealthy comfort in being devoted though ill-treated. She encouraged grumbling about small domestic mis-

fortunes like burnt biscuits by an air of meek guilt. However much she disagreed when Ralph said such things as that a man who would wear tan shoes in the evening would make good gun food, that after he heard a person spit his initiative he never spoke to him again, and that good Romanists were dead Romantics, she would only smile and shake her head fondly.

This was partly from her love of being oppressed, and partly because she derived that delight from hearing her brother damning right and left without regard to reason or truth, that other mild natures derive from melodrama and the dime novel.

As to her own bearing, it was one of the utmost caution and tentativeness. To her the world was made up of people of superior sophistication going about seeking whom they might devour. She often sat silent for whole evenings from a general vague fear of committing some unforgettable outrage before these persons. She spent almost all her time in thinking about such things whether it would be better for her to wear her small hat or to wear her large one to the Thomas concert.

This sensitiveness was not from any misfortune in the girl's personal appearance. She was a graceful little creature, beautifully made, with large fawn-like eyes, pale brown hair, a passionate expression, and a very clear white coloring.

The two orphans had a slight acquaintance with a girl named Regina von Heller, in whose presence Ellen appeared as the snowdrop beside the cardinal flower.

Regina was a girl of impulsive, hasty manners and Austrian parentage. She had a mobile face, a flashing mouth, and a curved, rather scornful smile. She carried her head high above her beautiful shoulders and bust, and in her most sly and care-free moments preserved a certain erectness.

Madame von Heller, her mother, a thin little noblewoman with a water-fall and a black silk apron, taught German, French and penmanship in schools and in private classes attended by Ellen.

The poor lady had eloped in her sentimental middle age from Vienna with her music master, a tall Pole, with dirty fingers, excited eyes and a dyed purple mustache.

He supported her very ill by tuition at girls' schools on the continent and in New York, where he died.

In these various academies and convents of her parents' classes Regina had been somewhat scrappily educated till her mother came to Chicago.

Here there had been offered to Madame Heller a position where she taught the "branches above mentioned in a quiet, plausible, ladylike manner, untroubled by a ray of intelligence. She played accompaniments also and gave a few music lessons in the same harmless and dignified way.

By this means she managed to support herself and her daughter, in rooms of their own, on a small, crooked German street; to send Regina to one of the best masters in the city for singing, and to keep her at the school where she herself offered instruction.

On a cold winter evening Regina stopped for a few minutes at the Rankin's house to deliver an exercise to Ellen.

On this occasion Ralph came across her in the hall.

"Who is your friend, the grenadier?" he said to Ellen as he passed. Regina had worn a small fur cap.

"Her mother teaches that French class Miss Vanderbilt got up," said Ellen.

"Heavens, heavens," said Ralph. "A girl who will wear a sealskin cap is worse than impossible."

Ellen could not help knowing there was more to Regina than the fact of her wearing a sealskin cap. But she would not have dreamed of uttering a word in opposition.

In this manner Ralph roamed deeper and deeper into the jungle and might,

perhaps, have been there forever lost if he had not been startled from the thicket by an uncommon incident.

On a rainy spring evening Regina von Heller was sitting by an open window on the second story, close over the street, looking out at the darkness by the blowing light of a gas lamp.

The water splashed heavily, darkening the wooden sidewalks, streaking the shadowy red brick and brown frame fronts and the lapped shingles of the enclosed place.

After a close day the rain dropped through the air a fine chill and the girl waited long to enjoy.

While she was sitting half asleep, with the fresh wind blowing in her face, a voice shouted, "Help! Help!"

There was a sound of something clattering and falling. Shots cracked, and a man with his hat knocked over his eyes ran past down the street, while a neighbor, a Mr. Ostermann, dressed in trousers and a night shirt open at the throat, rushed ponderously out of his house, and stood shouting "Robbers! Murder! Police!" in almost sobbing tones.

Regina threw a little old Roman striped shawl over her shoulders, slipped downstairs without waking Mme. von Heller and ran out into the rain.

At the same moment two men came plunging down the street, a young reporter and Ralph Rankin.

They were returning late from the theatre. The Clark street line was blocked, and from the platform of a Wells street car they had heard the shots and Mr. Ostermann's cries. The reporter always dashed to any scene of excitement, and Ralph could hardly do less than accompany him.

"Where did they go? Which way? Are you hurt?" they exclaimed to Mr. Ostermann, still mourning loudly. "Help! Help!" and apparently unable to make any intelligible or coherent reply.

"There, that way, down," Regina called, pointing the unknown rescuers

the rain slackened. It was plainly time to go. Mr. Ostermann shook his head at his guests as he passed them, observing when he came to the young men and the policemen, "As for you, my friends, should you ever want for anything, come by me."

On the next morning when Mme. von Heller and Regina were taking their chocolate the girl spoke of the excitement of the night before.

"Was it 11 o'clock, did I hear you say?" asked Mme. von Heller in melancholy tones.

"Yes," and why were you up at that so late hour, my daughter?"

"The rain was cool. I was putting my head out in it."

"And was not that disagreeable?"

"No," said Regina. "It was wonderful outdoors. I had been reading 'Vor Sonnenaufgang.' I was excited, and the air tranquilized me. I braided my hair down and put on my nice gray sack and leaned out in the rain. All was beautiful. All was black and still, just like 'Teuer allen Giebel 1st ruh.' Then suddenly I heard the pistol shots and ran out."

"But first putting up your hair?" said Mme. von Heller, anxiously.

"No," said Regina. "I could not wait."

"But not in your old gray sack, I trust?"

"Yes," said Regina, rising and placing her chocolate cup on the table.

Mme. von Heller shook her head. Though she had eloped and had spent much of her time during her husband's life with revolutionary and carelessly dressed friends, she had always appeared neatly costumed in a high collar and one of her jewel sets, with the brooch matching the cuff buttons.

"I have never liked such things," she said gravely. "And were unknown men there also?"

"Yes. Two tall, fine young men came dashing down the street. Though un-

car, once carried her a piece of music left behind, and by degrees fell into the habit of visiting her often on Wolf-ram street.

There she talked eagerly to him of her many idols, De Tessie, Garibaldi, Perovskaya, Hauptmann and a hundred others.

"Well," said Ralph, "that 'Ver-sunkene Glocke,' where the bell keeps ringing, is too much for me. I can't hear what's going on. It's the same way with that other play, 'The Bells,' where the Jew is murdered. Anything that has a bell in it I can't follow."

"Hear the loud alarm bells, brazen bell and all!"

Regina was not gifted with a sense of humor, and she now regarded him with blazing eyes.

"And can all that so beautiful and Titian dream be nothing to you for such a small queer reason as that?" she remarked coldly.

"To me these bells are vast echoing tones of memory and tradition tolling through the soul of a struggling one. But you, rather than trying to know a great work of art, prefer to seem a little funny, said like a coarse jesting column of some 'conservative press.'"

Ralph could hardly refrain from laughing at this hereness, but he said meekly and hastily:

"Oh, yes, I know the play's a splendid thing. I must read it again."

Ellie and the aunt would never have recognized him, either in the fairness

of his tone or in the calm content of his manner, as he sat in a room filled with such objects as he had always considered particularly incriminating.

A coarse paper, brilliantly flowered, hung upon the irregular walls. Photographs were everywhere, of actors, actresses, professional people in theatrical postures, armor, togas and fur overcoats. Coarse starched white lace curtains broke the yellow light of the afternoon that gleamed in the reflecting surfaces of the ugly ornamental furniture. A Stenway grand, Herr von Heller's one luxury, glittered in the middle of the floor with polished woods, quivering strings and mellow sounding board. It was open, as Ralph always said pianos never should be in

private houses, to give the fullest sound. Scattered over the music rack were Pauer's "Tourbillon," "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes" and "Wenn ich in Deinen Augen Seh."

In this incorrect apartment Ralph would sit for hours, tranquil, amused, and admiring, eating ginger cookies and cottage cheese, and drinking tea, strong and badly prepared by Mme. von Heller in the intervals of giving lessons, and served in iron-stone china cups without handles, very hot and hard to hold.

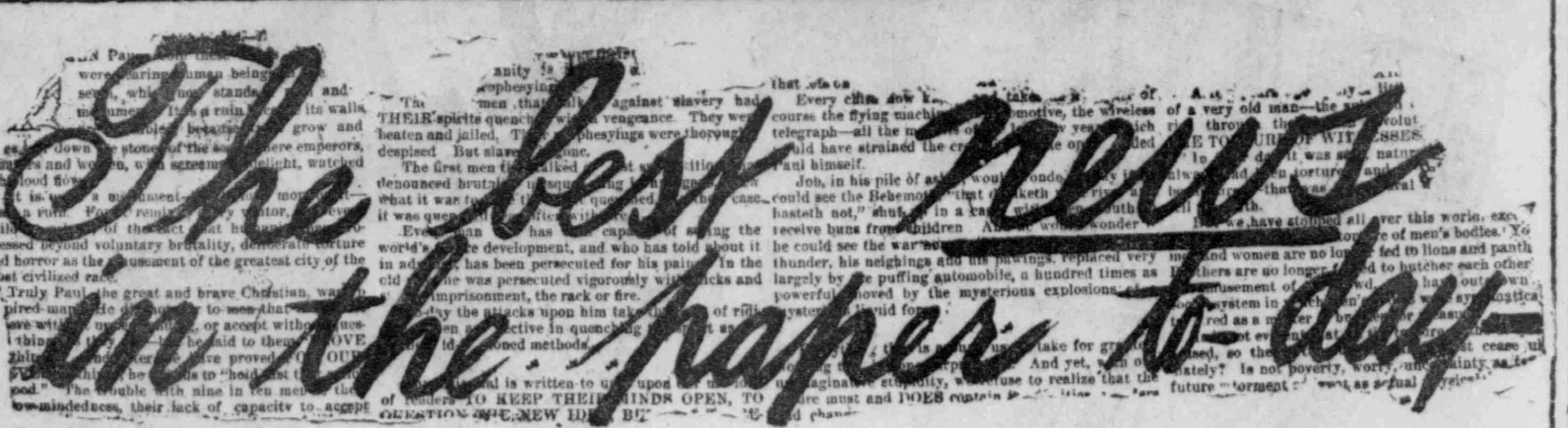
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Continued on Page 8.

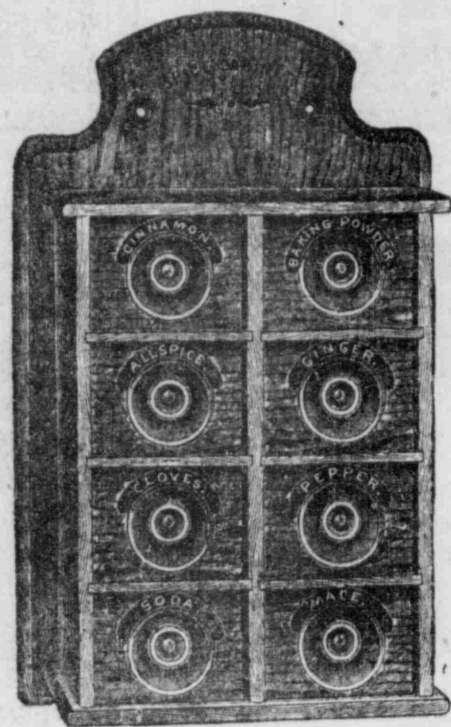


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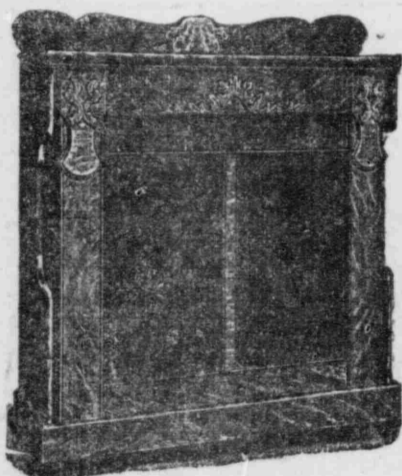
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SPECIAL

These spice cabinets are 17 in. high, 5 in. deep and 11 in. wide, made of hard wood, nicely finished, and have 8 drawers, all labeled for the different spices. This is one of the best specials we have had. On sale Monday only for—

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In chiffonniers our line is always good, but this season it is stronger than ever. As a leader this week we will put on sale the above chiffonnier. It is full size and has five drawers, made of hard wood and nicely finished. The price for this week will be only—

\$5.95

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